https://comment-fic.livejournal.com/192315.html?thread=41356859#t41356859

prompt: Supernatural, Sam/Gabriel, He knows he shouldn't be afraid, but he can't help it.

Sometimes Sam sees more than he wants to about Gabriel. Gabriel's not human, and he keeps forgetting that, or at least forgetting that angels aren't all candy and wings sometimes.

Gabriel hasn't been playing at being the Trickster since he started fucking Sam, but sometimes Sam sees Gabriel's eyes go cold, and then he vanishes, and Sam doesn't want to know what Gabriel's doing.

There are times during the sex when Gabriel shields Sam enough so he can see him when Gabriel comes, fast and hot against Sam, and that scares Sam more than it should.

For when Gabriel comes, he loses his human mask if only for a moment, and Sam realizes that he's having sex with bright fire and pure power, restrained by human flesh but at those times, blissed out as he feels, he *realizes* that Gabriel could (should, it's not right for an angel to be restricted like that) let go of his shell and walk upon the Earth properly.

It at times like that when Sam remembers that Gabriel was in a *war*, against others as terrifying as he is, and then Gabriel regains control and he's flippant and grinning at Sam before flopping down to nap on his chest, cock slipping wetly out of him.

Sam stares at him, wondering why he's still in one piece after that, and Gabriel puts a hand over his face.

"Go to sleep, kiddo," Gabriel mutters, and Sam finds himself hugging Gabriel tighter and obeying.